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utious Maid's Garland: 9

Containing IV *New Songs.*

The Maid's Caution in chusing a
Husband.

The Lovesick Maid.

A Dialogue bet. Lewis & Charley.

The Comical Lovers.



sold by Sam. Naylor, Printer, Bristol.

THE

Maid's Caution in choosing a Husband.

COME all you young Women that Husbands do lack
I'll have you make haste ne'er mind the Act
The new act nor new stile was ne'er good at first,
Take the Man that you love for better for worse.

To your own Mind.

'Twas sure some Cuckold contriv'd this new Act,
Because that his Daughter had made a contract,
And marry'd a man altho' he was poor,
Twas man she lov'd and her heart did adore.

To her own Mind.

They say my Husband a Taylor must be
A Taylor indeed is no man for me,
His arse and his Mouth so near they do meet,
I think in my Heart his breath can't be sweet.

To my own Mind.

His Cabbage so strong my stomach won't take,
His goose is so hard my Teeth it will break,
His knots knocks together his Elbows are wide
And as for a taylor he shan't lie by my side,

To my own Mind.

Besides twice a day i chuse to drink tea,
My mother did so before she had me,
With good Bread and Butter fine sugar and Cream,
To talk of a Taylor it is but a dream.

To my own mind.

My sister she says I shall marry a craft
To hear of their tricks will make you to laugh,
When one shoe is done away then they kick,
The thro'ts of such doings will soon make me Sick
To my own mind.

The wife with one shoe kicks the Master, good Sir
Here's a groat for the landlord & Two-pence for her,
A Half penny for tobacco another for bread,
Another for snuff to comfort their Heads.
To their own minds.

The Craft very close in his seat he sits down,
And at the Ragfair buys Doll a new gown,
And then for a fuddle between him and she
Upon the high shelf the gown you may see.
To their own minds.

The jolly Blacksmith his hammer do drive,
He may drive himself blind he never will thrive,
The fire is hot so thin is his coat,
All he can get won't cool his poor throat. *To his &c.*

The mason that in the scaffold do stand,
To bring him more mortar he calls to his man,
But bring him good ale he works in the cold,
The roof is til'd in and the house it is sold. *To his &c.*

If you marry a Butcher your fortunes are made,
They are merry Lads and wanton young blades,
If they blow up their wives as they do blow their veal
I'd have young girls take care of their steel. *To &c.*

Those Half penny Barbers your faces do trim,
Whilst they take you fast by the nose or the chin,
The razor goes hard bad lather he's made,
Such Barbers are not fit for to lather a maid. *To her &c.*

They say that a jolly brisk sailor is the man,
At pleasing of girls they have a good hand,
When they come from sea are jolly and free,
And all their wages will give unto me. *To my &c.*

As for the sailors that venture their lives,
And bring home their Gold to their sweethearts or wives,
When they come from sea are jolly and free,
And all their wages will give unto me. *To my &c.*

The jolly weavers that weave in the loom,
With his hands and his Heels, he'll play you a tune,
The tune that he plays is call'd Pity-par,
They may weave themselves blind they'll never go far,

On a Saturday night the weavers are rich,
To handle the pot their fingers do itch,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, you'll see,
Forty poor weavers, and not a penny. *To their &c.*

So you pretty Maids that husbands do want,
I'd have you make haste for men will grow scant,
The wars they must have them by land or by Sea,
And John is the man that can pleasure me.
To my own Mind,

The Lovesick Maid.

O Give me leave to love you dearly
and look not cold on me my friend
for i will watch, love, both late and early
my dearest dear to recommend.

O why should i commit such folly
or why should i so silly be,
To set my mind and my Affections
upon the man that loves not me.
Oh, how i burn, i burn like fewel,
the Tears they trickle down and spill;
While i'm a sighing he falls a laughing,
Thinking he's got my heart at will.
Sighing, moaning, sobbing and groaning
sure he's ungreatful in every part,
But if ever i find a man more kinder,
'tis him alone shall ease my heart.



French King and Pretender.

NOW the french king would trump up a Pre-
tender again,
And land him in England with an army of men,
But says charley, I'll ne'er agree to your skits,
For D. William last war scar'd me out of my wits.
Oh! poor *Charley*, fearful *Gharley*,
Ne'er dare to come to old *England* a gain
Says the French King if you'll but *England* win,
You shall marry my daughter and she's a fine thing,
Ay, but says *Charley* I'll not venture my life,
For they'll kill me, then i shall not want a wife.
Oh! poor *see*.

Says Charley, I'll not run into the Lyon's paw, 6
For the promise of being a King's Son-in law,
For the valiant English my life will destroy,
While I am striving my prize to enjoy.

Oh! poor &c.

Beside, I'll not venture where Cannons do roar,
They frighted me sadly in Scotland before,
And if you land me in England I know very well,
They'll not let me return any tidings to tell.

Oh! poor! &c.

Said the French King, England's but a garden place
For you and your Army may take it with ease;
Ay, but says Charley, I very well know,
Many bitter Herbs in that Garden doth grow.

Oh! poor &c.

With invading of England I'll not trouble my brain
For they bid me defiance with Scorn and disdain,
So you may hire another to go on the skit,
And marry your daughter to whom you think fit,

Oh! poor &c.

Besides I am going into Italy,
For the face of an Englishman I dare not to see,
If your Daughter's ne'er marry'd till I Englandin-
vade

An old maid she may die without a tooth in her
Head.

Oh! poor &c.



The Comical Lovers.

WHen i was a young man
I took delight in love,
I fix'd my mind upon a girl
That did unconstant prove;
I thought she'd been my own true love,
Which made me to delay,
But now i find she's chang'd her mind,
The quite contrary way.

I went unto my love one day,
These words for to declare,
We have lov'd one another
Above seven long years;
And i am come to let you know,
That marry'd we will be,
Therefore, said he, let us agree,
And appoint the wedding day.

Alack, alas. the fair maid said,
I think you are in haste,
I never saw a young man,
Thus spend his time in waste;
The time is past you might have had
All Opportunity;
Before, i say, you shall have me,
Some other you must try.

This answer struck the young man
As tho' he had been slain,
At which he soon replied
Unto his Love a gain;
O fie, o fie, upon your love,
The worst of Women sure,
The loss of one's the gain of two,
And the choise of twenty more.

You may go tell your mother,
In love you have been crost,
Had you gone the right way to work,
My love you'd never lost,
Had you gone the right way to work,
As i the Truth must own,
You'd in the spring have crapt my wing
I never shou'd have flown.

Come fill a glafs, let's tosse it off,
It shant be said i'll die,
If she proves false i'll not do so,
No other will i try;
No other will i try, my boys,
My love i'll not disdain,
If she says nay, then i'll say yea,
And try her love again.

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